Can't Read My Poker Face

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Can't Read My Poker Face

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

A prompt from @sherlocks-freebitch on Tumblr.

'Will and Hannibal playing poker while recovering from their injuries and Will winning the entire Lecter estate because he is just that good. However it doesn't get really interesting until they start playing for other people's lives.'

Notes

Will knows how to play Poker. Hanni doesn't know that.
Fluff, cute, hints at some death, sex, and cannibalism too.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Bedelia's home was a nice little getaway. Conveniently, Hannibal knew her well enough to find her within a day of their fall over the cliff and once she was dealt with, he and Will set up in the vast house, using it as their hideout of sorts.

Bedelia had moved up and suddenly without notifying the FBI, meaning they could hide there for a while until they were better. With Will's stab wounds, Hannibal's bullet wound, and the various bruises covering their bodies, they would need time. Luckily, the FBI weren't as smart as they thought they were if it took them nearly three months to find her the first time she disappeared.

There was no TV, but there was internet service, letting Hannibal do whatever it was he needed to do. He was in contact with Chiyoh and she was helping him plan something important and all Will knew what that they were going to Sweden as he had been the one to choose the country. Hannibal and Chiyoh were taking care of the rest. So long as he got a dog, he didn't care where they went.

During their near month of solitude, using Bedelia's funds to order things online, Will finally got fed up with her annoying books - everything was on Psychotherapy, seriously did she not have any other interests? - and bought a deck of cards.

He'd never been into television and wasn't one to to 'surf the internet'. Books, fishing, boat motors, dogs, cards, those were the things he could call fun. Psychotherapy was in no way, shape, or form, fun.

The fact that Hannibal seemed to get a kick out of the books made it even worse. Like Hannibal hadn't read anything so interesting before.

So while Hannibal lounged in the well stuffed armchair, Will played Solitaire.

"Would you like to play a game?"

Will glanced up as get moved a 5 over. "Play what?"

Hannibal carefully sat at the table, mindful of his still healing injuries. "I happen to be proficient at Poker."

Will gaped for the better part of a minute. Hannibal Lecter, the king of propriety and narcissism. The man who frowned upon plaid, corduroy, and smoking, played Poker?

Really?

An idea began to form in Will's mind and he held back a grin. This could totally work in his favor and solve all of his problems.

Affecting a very put out persona, Will shook his head, "I don't do Poker. I can't gamble for shit because I always give it away and I always lose."

He was lying. Lying so much he was shocked his pants hadn't caught fire. He was killer - if you'll pardon the pun - at Poker. He never lost. It was how he helped his father get money when they were always moving around and living in near poverty. Will was good at it and didn't even have to cheat. So he always bet the same thing and with his cute looks, people would be willing to match what they thought was equal to it.

Will once won a house. It was small, but his father was able to sell it and it gave them money for food and clothes and it was the beginning of Will's college fund.

Hannibal smiled calmly, attempting to charm Will into a false sense of security. "I can teach you, Will. Besides, it's not as if you have anything with you to gamble, so it wouldn't be fair if we placed bets."

Rearing up in 'affront', Will glared at the blond, "I do *so* have something to gamble! And I know how to play just fine, thank you for your *generous* offer!"

Hannibal took the cards, slipping them into his hand as he began a very skilled and obviously showy form of shuffling. Will realized what it was almost instantly. Hannibal was trying to impress him! It was the same kind of peacocking he did when he presented his dishes, always purring the foreign words in such a way that it seemed more amazing than it was. Like the chicken soup.

'Silkie Chicken in a broth. A black boned bird prized in China for its medicinal values since the 7th century. Wolfberries, ginseng, ginger, red dates, and star anise.'

It was just chicken soup.

Hannibal always did favor the ostentatious and sublime. Theater was his element. Cooking, killing, and now apparently, shuffling.

He dealt the cards and gave another award winning smile. "What can you bet, dear Will?"

With a superior sniff, Will said, "My virginity."

Hannibal's smug expression paled instantly, mouth pulling into a frown of confusion.

"I've never been with a man before, so my ass has always been vacant," Will leaned forward and purred, "That's what I've got to bet, Dr. Lecter."

"Are you… certain you wish to give that up?"

Will allowed himself to sigh, looking away to 'fidget nervously'. "Well... I've never wanted to be with a man until you," he admitted reluctantly, allowing the man to puff up a little in pride. Stroking Hannibal's ego was easy when one knew how to do it right. "I know it'll come some time when we're better, but if I'm honor bound to it, I won't wimp out."

He chanced a glance to gauge Hannibal's reaction, seeing Hannibal looking at him as if the sun rose and set with him. He wasn't yet used to the adoration Hannibal felt like pouring on him all the time. Not used to someone looking at him in such a way.

"Dear Will," smiled Hannibal. "I will be *very* gentle with you."

Hannibal looked smug and he most certainly wasn't going to let Will win this round. Or so he thought. Still…

"Well, what are you betting?" asked Will. "What's my virginity worth to *you*?"

Hannibal paused, looking away once before meeting Will's gaze head on. "My entire estate."

His jaw dropped, "As in… the castle?"

"And all the land it resides on, plus the other buildings owned under the Lecter name. And there are dozens."

Will had to pull himself together, feeling amazed and flattered. His virginity was worth a damn lot in Hannibal's eyes. It was surprisingly very sweet. The bastard.

"Let's just play the damn game, casanova," he demanded, wanting to cream the blond and win. Once Hannibal knew what he was getting into, their games would be more fun.

About thirty seconds later, Hannibal was staring at the table and Will was laughing maniacally, having bluffed that his Royal Flush was actually terrible and that he lost. That small second of Hannibal looking like he'd won the best gift in the world only for Will to flip his cards over and own that Straight Flush with his Royal Flush was probably the best thing Will had ever seen.

"The castle is *mine*!"

Hannibal's mouth was only open a little, but it was the most significant jaw drop that Will had ever seen! He'd remember this day for the rest of his life!

"Hannibal, you really need to work on your Poker Face, hun," advised Will, flashing an angelic smile that made him appear innocent and cute. His signature grin to lower the guards of his opponents.

Don't mess with a Graham at card games!

"I don't want to eat him, just look at him!" Will whined, gesturing to the newest moron to be rude to Hannibal.

Their freezer was running a little low and Hannibal had been looking for a reason to fill it again and lucky for him, a reason presented itself not even ten minutes after leaving the house.

But the pig was gross and Will didn't want to put any part of it in his body.

"Will-" Hannibal began, no doubt about to go on a long tangent that Will completely bulldozed over in order to get his demand across.

"I'll play you for him."

It turned out that Hannibal was also very good at Poker and the moment he realized Will wasn't easy to defeat, he pulled out everything. He was the only person Will ever lost to and he was fine with that. It simply made life more interesting.

So… they were both going to bet on the guy. He'd be dead no matter who won, but how he died or what happened post mortem would depend on the winner.

"If I win, we simply display him as one of our little courtship gifts to each other. If you win…" Will shivered in disgust, "-we eat him."

Hannibal leaned forward, gripping Will's chin lightly as he hummed. "You are… quite adamant about this?"

"Very."

"Perhaps… I can be persuaded toward *other* measures if you are amenable."

Eyes widening at the implication, Will nodded erratically. "I'm *all* for 'other measures'."

Hannibal placed a warm hand on his lower back and began leading him away from the square, lips tickling over Will's ear. "I believe our bedroom await, dear Will."

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know.

Check out my other fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How was it?

Check out my other Hannigram fics!

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